SECOND SECTION.

The Sun.

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PAYS TO AVOID SUNSTROKE

SUMMER DANGER INTO WHICH AMERICANS RUSH.

Some 900 Killed and Many Crippled by It Yearly—Precautions Used in Tropics to Avoid Sunstroke—Its Warnings and Its Proper Treatment—Heat Exhaustion.

Every summer about 900 Americans die of sunstroke and twice or thrice as many more are permanently affected by it. Its effect at its mildest is observed as a recurring headache, partial deafness or some minor but chronic and annoying ailment. At its worst it is manifested as paralysis, epilepsy, meningitis, insanity or some serious functional disorder of the heart. Therefore it is plain that a sunstroke, even when it does not kill out of hand, is a very dangerous thing and that it pays to take elaborate precautions to avoid it.

Among laymen sunstroke is often confused with simple heat exhaustion, but in reality they differ very much. In the latter the temperature of the patient falls below normal and he is pale. In the former his temperature rises rapidly and he is flushed.

There are other differences, too, but those noted will suffice for the first aid amateur. In the treatment of heat exhaustion it is necessary to bring the temperature up; in true sunstroke it is necessary to force it down. It is thus obvious that a mistake in diagnosis is very apt to prove fatal.

Sunstroke is one of the oldest of recognized diseases, and at least two cases are described in the Bible. It is caused in the great majority of instances by muscular activity at a high temperature.

A laborer is at work in a ditch shovelling dirt and with the broiling sun shining down upon him, when suddenly he throws up his hands and falls in a heap. A fireman is at work in the stokehold of a steamship at a temperature of 125 degrees, when suddenly he drops dead. A golfer is chasing a ball across the links, when without a second's warning he goes sprawling and dies half an hour afterward.

Each of these men is a victim of heat stroke, of which sunstroke is nothing more than a variety. Other names for the malady are thermic fever, siriasis, insolation, heat apoplexy and sun fever.

In all cases the stroke is caused by the fact that the victim's body has become incapable of getting rid of heat as fast as it is generated or absorbed. Ordinarily 60 per cent. of the heat that enters the body is radiated by the skin.

But on a very hot day, when the temperature of the surrounding air is greater than that of the body, this radiation almost ceases. Then, if the bodily temperature is raised by muscular effort, the extra heat begins to cause trouble.

The usual result is dizziness and a feeling of weakness, and these manifestations commonly cause muscular effort to be suspended and so the imminent sunstroke is avoided. But the foolish person who insists upon shovelling dirt or chasing a golf ball after nature has warned him to seek rest in the shade does not escape so easily. Instead of a slight attack of dizziness he suffers a sunstroke, and as a rule dies of it.

Anything which interferes with the proper operation of the thermal flywheel in the medulla oblongata increases the likelihood of sunstroke. Alcohol is one such a thing. The man who has swallowed a glass of whiskey is four or five times more liable to sunstroke on a hot day than the man who has stuck to limeade or cold water.

The usual symptoms of coming sunstroke are dizziness, pains in the head and a feeling of oppression. The victim has a sensation of suffocation and very often this forces him to stop work and seek rest in some cooler place. If he does not do so nausea commonly follows and after that insensibility.

By the time he gets to a hospital his face is flushed, his pulse is rapid and his temperature has gone up to 107 or 108 degrees far beyond the danger line. His breathing is labored and loud and it is apparent to any one that he is a very ill man.

In fatal cases these symptoms grow more and more pronounced until coma supervenes and the patient dies. In those cases fated to end in recovery the fever slowly goes down, the pulse grows slower, the heavy breathing ceases and consciousness returns. As a rule the crisis comes in from twenty-four to thirty-six hours.

It is obvious that the first thing to do in a case of sunstroke is to reduce the temperature of the patient.

In consequence the hospitals of the big cities now treat sunstroke with ice. The patient is carried to a cool place and flooded with ice water. His head is bathed, his whole body is sponged and water is forced into his mouth.

When a hospital is not at hand this treatment should be begun at once, on the spot. Carry the patient to a cool place as quickly as possible and open his clothes. Then pour cold water over his body and apply ice or water to his head.

Have no fear of using too much. Let the water be as cold as possible and let it be used unsparingly. It is impossible to have it too cold and impossible to apply it too quickly or too generously. Whenever feasible the patient should be stripped to the skin.

Meanwhile see that he does not suffer for want of fresh air. One of the most alarming symptoms of sunstroke is a sort of asphyxia or suffocation.

Place the patient somewhere where he may be struck by a strong current of air and see that no throng of curious spectators crowds about him. As soon as possible get a good doctor to his side.

The asphyxia of sunstroke sometimes becomes so marked that it is necessary to combat it with artificial respiration. Stretch the patient flat upon his back, tear off his clothes and work his arms up and down, slowly and rhythmically.

Nature usually gives ample warning of the approach of sunstroke and it is only the foolhardy man who is stricken. On extraordinarily hot days it is well to avoid all muscular effort in the sun.

If a short walk makes you feel oppressed and uncomfortable, seek the shade at once. If you grow dizzy and see colored lights, seek the shade—and send for a physician. So long as you are able to walk to shelter unassisted the danger is still but potential. After you have once fainted your chances of dying are uncomfortably large.

One reason why there are so many cases of sunstroke in the United States every summer lies in the fact that Americans have no proper respect for the summer sun. In mid August they insist upon wearing woollen clothes, high collars, thick shoes and heavy hats and upon taking their daily walks and indulging in their usual exercise.

In the tropics, where high temperatures prevail all the year around, the average white man takes elaborate precautions to avoid sunstroke and in most cases is successful. He never walks in the sun and all of his exercise is taken in the cool of the evening.

If he has to make a journey, even though it be one of no more than two city blocks, he rides. If he feels oppressed he stops work at once and rests in some cool place. If he is ill he keeps to his cool room. And his clothes show that he has the power of the sun ever in mind. Instead of blue serges he wears white duck morning, noon and night. Instead of narrow brimmed straw hats he wears roomy white pith helmets.

Instead of high, stiff collars and heavy cravats he wears a flowing scarf about his neck. Instead of clumsy black leather shoes he wears slippers of white canvas.

His house is cool on the hottest days, for its ceilings are high, its roof overhangs, it has jalousies instead of glass windows and it is bare of thick carpets and other useless furnishings. Arising in the morning he takes a cold shower bath and eats a very light breakfast.

At noon he eats an even lighter meal, and after rising from the table takes a short rest. In the cool of the evening comes his principal meal of the day.

Americans would do well in summer to imitate as far as possible this typical white man of the tropics.

The investigations of Swift, Darrach, Gerhard, Parkes, Packard, Wood, Pepper, Dowler, Levick and the other pathologists who have studied sunstroke prove that with ordinary care it is avoidable. Its younger brother, heat exhaustion, is also avoidable. The latter is less serious than the former, and usually yields to treatment quite readily, but it may pave the way for serious maladies and should be regarded warily.

Sambron, a British investigator, is of the opinion that sunstroke is an infectious disease, caused by a definite microscopic organism. He points out that it often occurs during comparatively cool weather and that great heat does not always produce it.

He also says that post-mortem examinations show changes in the brain tissues of victims which can be accounted for only as the result of bacterial activity. His conclusions were set forth in the *British Medical Journal* nine or ten years ago at great length, but few pathologists agree with him.

Guiteras, another investigator, says that sunstroke is sometimes chronic, though always in a mild form. He says that in Florida this condition is called Florida fever or country fever and that it is frequently mistaken for malaria or typhoid.

There is no reason to believe, however, that such fevers are in anywise related to sunstroke. That they are caused by exposure to high temperatures may be true, but that they bear any appreciable resemblance to true siriasis, with its sudden onset and quick course, is questionable.

Heat exhaustion is foreshadowed by a feeling of great weakness and restlessness. It may be produced by exposure to the direct rays of the sun, and then again it may be caused by sleeping in a warm room, by overwork in hot weather or by exposure to great heat for hours at a time, as in a kitchen or bakehouse.

The patient's skin grows cold, his pulse becomes feeble and his legs scarcely support him. He is, indeed, much in the condition of a person about to faint from overexertion, severe pain or loss of blood.

The most effective treatment involves the use of stimulants, but these should be administered by a physician.

The temperature of the body affords a ready means of differentiating between sunstroke and heat exhaustion. If the patient's skin is hot and red he should be flooded with cold water, as described above.

If, on the contrary, his skin is cold and pale he should be wrapped in a blanket. Inasmuch, however, as it is always possible for the layman to make a mistake in diagnosis, and such mistakes are apt to prove fatal, it is well at all times to get a physician at once.

One of the unfortunate things about both sunstroke and heat exhaustion is the fact that they leave those who recover from their effects unusually liable to future attacks. The man who has once suffered a sunstroke is apt to be bowled over again, and this liability is much greater than is the case with the average man. It is therefore advisable for those who have recovered from such an attack to avoid all muscular activity in summer—at least for ten years.

Anything which weakens or debilitates the body increases likelihood of sunstroke.

JAPAN BUILDING WARSHIPS.

Spirit of Nippon Shown in the Activity in the Shipyards.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

Nowhere perhaps is the effect upon Japan of the recent war more patent than in her great naval yards, nowhere does the magnitude of her ambitions find more cogent demonstration.

The possessors of an island empire, the statesmen of Japan have not been slow to recognize the value of a strong navy and a powerful and numerous mercantile marine. Under a system of shipbuilding and ship running bounties her merchant shipping has made huge strides, and the advocates of State aid may point to the successful transportation of troops in time of war in justification of their policy.

During the late war a single company, the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, was able to place at the disposal of the Government 250,000 tons of shipping, with which it successfully carried to and from the seat of war upward of 1,250,000 men, 124,000 horses and close upon 2,000,000 tons of stores.

Under the same paternal encouragement the displacement of the steamers of her mercantile marine aggregated by April last 951,000 tons—an increase in less than three years of 335 ships, with a displacement of 208,783 tons.

Striking as are these figures, loud as is the tale of the destructive competition of Japanese bottoms in Chinese waters, the tale of the great naval arsenals and dockyards is even more significant. A visit to Kuré is little less than a revelation.

Armed with an official permit, which read "Kuré arsenal and dockyards, except the armor works," I gained immediate admittance from the sentinel on guard. The first glance tells you that you are in the presence of a spirit of imperious energy and indomitable will. You are brought abruptly face to face with one of the startling contrasts of the East.

Outside the wall fragile houses, Old World courtesy, laughing children, sleepy temples, leisurely priests and smiling women—all the recognized ingredients of quaint, fantastic, orthodox Japan. Inside the clash and clang of iron upon steel, the roar of machinery and the hiss of steam, all the bewildering equipment for the forging of engines designed for the destruction of human life, vast piles of ugly scaffolding, toiling masses and a ten hour day.

Eleven years ago the naval yards at Kuré came into existence, the offspring of the war with China; to-day they provide employment for 30,000 men and are capable of building battleships the equal of any now afloat. They are complete and self-sufficing in every detail. They turn out everything connected with the construction of battleships, from a rivet to a 12 inch gun.

Prior to the late war nothing bigger than a third class cruiser of 3,000 or 4,000 tons had been attempted, but the war gave great impetus to Japanese naval construction, and in January, 1905, the keel of the first large cruiser, the Tsukuba, was laid down. To-day I saw her all but completed in her dock at Kuré, a powerful first class cruiser of 13,750 tons. A little way off lay her sister ship, the Ikoma, though not quite so far advanced.

But Japanese ambition has not stopped here. Two vast battleships, the Satsuma and the Aki, are now under construction at Yokosuka and Kuré respectively. Not even the Dreadnought, the latest pet of the British navy, will boast superiority to these monster engines of war. With a displacement of 19,000 tons, a speed of 19 knots and an offensive armament of four 12 inch and twelve 10 inch guns, they will meet with but few equals upon the sea.

The enormous increase of the Japanese fleet during the last two years has perhaps not been generally appreciated in England. The following is a list of the larger vessels actually under construction in Japanese yards at the present time:

		Tons.
The Aki.....	first class battleships.....	19,060
The Satsuma..		
The Kurama...		14,600
The Tsukuba..	first class armored cruisers.	13,750
The Ikoma....		13,750
The Ibuki.....		13,000
The Mogami..		
The Yodo.....	small cruisers.....	2,500
The Tone.....		

In addition to the above the Kashima (16,439 tons) and the Katori (15,980 tons) arrived recently from England, and the following captured Russian ships will shortly be ready for sea: 6 battleships, 4 cruisers, 2 coast defence ships, 3 destroyers and 2 gunboats. The aggregate increase in tonnage represented by the above vessels is 226,483 tons.

THE INTRUSION OF JIHEI

HE TELLS AN EDITOR ABOUT THE JAPANESE QUESTION.

A Show of Valor and a Message of Peace From Seattle—Finds the City Favorable to the Japanese, Though There Are Customs of Which He Doesn't Approve.

SEATTLE, June 25.—Seattle is full of my countrymen. Everywhere one walks in the city he is bound to come across with the Japanese. The southern section of the business district of Seattle is altogether Japanese.

Especially the Washington, Jackson and Main streets are strewn with stores, restaurants, cobblers' shops and what not, all kept by my countrymen. And I naturally feel as if I were in my own native country. But the Japanese are not necessarily confined in this southern section, which the citizens of Seattle call the Japanese town. In the hotels, hardware stores, soda water fountain stands and in various other establishments owned by the natives here one would find the Japanese attending in the capacities of bell boys, waiters, clerks and many others.

A well informed Japanese here, the proprietor of a Japanese daily he, told me there are about 6,000 Japanese in all Seattle. Six thousands are, to be sure, only twice as many as three thousand, which is the size of the Japanese community in New York. But the ratio of the number of Japanese in New York with the whole number of New Yorkers is far smaller than the ratio of the number of Japanese in Seattle with the whole Seattleans, so that whereas one does not notice so many Japanese in New York, scattered as they are in the four corners of that city, in Seattle he does notice so many of them that he would naturally think that Seattle must have many more than twice as many Japanese as New York has.

The fact is there are very many more than 10,000 Japanese throughout the State of Washington. Some of them work in sawmills, others on railroads, still others on farms and elsewhere. And they make their occasional visit of Seattle on business, for pleasure, thus swelling the Japanese population of Seattle.

To learn what is the attitude of the Seattle Americans toward the Japanese I went to see the proprietor and chief editor of the Seattle *Times*.

"Are you the editor of the *Times*?" I made an intrusion upon him while he was conversing with his friend and his son, the assistant editor-in-chief.

"Yes, I am. What is it you want?" came the answer in a stentorian voice like that of a lion.

Evidently he was somewhat vexed by my intrusion and wished to scare me out of his office. But I was not scared of him; I was more than equal to the situation. Said I:

"I came here from New York the day before yesterday. I wish to speak with you for a minute or two, if you can spare your time."

"Well, what is it you want to speak with me about?"

The editor's gray hair stood erect, his face as he turned it to me showing signs of disturbed spirit. But I held the lion by the mane and I looked with a look with which I pierced him through to his heart.

"I want to know what your attitude is toward the Japanese question."

I thought I spoke plainly enough, but the man did not get what I said clearly, and replied:

"My what?"

Then his son, who was standing by, butted in:

"Oh, father, he asked you what your attitude is toward the Japanese question."

"Well, you go to our city editor Here," he eyed to his son, "you take him to the city editor."

But his son and I told him that I got through with the city editor.

"Oh, you got through with him, did you? Well, our attitude toward the Japanese question is Peace!"—with an emphasis on the word peace.

"I am glad to hear of that, sir. That is also my attitude. As I stated in what I wrote for your city editor, we Japanese know that the American people are generally friendly toward us. Only some of our countrymen at home may have misunderstood the situation presented by the San Francisco incidents."

"I tell you, you've got some of those Socialists in your country, just as we have in this country. They just simply are trying to bring trouble between your country and ours."

"Well, I don't know whether you could call Viscount Tani a Socialist. You must know Viscount Tani is a rather narrow-minded man, who doesn't know anything about West. He only wants to preserve things Japanese to the exclusion of things Western. He even organized a society for the preservation of good national characteristics of Japan. He is nothing but a soldier."

The editor cut me short and said:

"Well, whatever he may be, he is a Socialist in the sense that he makes trouble for the country."

There was no disputing about this line of argument. On the advice of his son the editor gave me his card. It said, Alden J. Blethen. Some one told me Blethen was a Colonel in the U. S. Army. I do not wonder why he makes such a big noise as he does.

"I hope," I wound up the conversation, "that there will be some sort of society where the Japanese and the Americans can come together to befriend themselves."

Col. Blethen's son called my attention to the letter from the Asiatic Association of Seattle, which was lying on the Colonel's desk. The Asiatic Association, the son said, was organized for the very purpose of which I spoke. The vice-president of the association is Judge Burke, an influential man in Seattle affairs.

I heard of him on our N. P. train in coming here from my fellow traveller, Mr. Brooks, who came to Seattle from New York in order to put up the statue of Seward for the Alaska Yukon Exposition occasion. Judge Burke is the man who hired this architect, Mr. Brooks. As my brother and I were walking together on the Second avenue we met Brooks and Burke coming toward us. Brooks introduced me to Burke. Burke invited me to come to the Burke building to see him.

So in the afternoon on the day I had the conversation with Col. Blethen I called on Judge Burke at his office. He is a little man. Unlike Col. Blethen, Judge Burke speaks softly, with a smile on his face.

He is, no doubt, a friend of the Japanese, otherwise he would not have entertained Gen. Kuroki as he did a day or two ago at his home when the General was here. He would have invited me if my train arrived here on time—that is at 8:15—instead of at 12 P. M., as it did. But he is always glad to see me, and he would introduce me to the leading men in Seattle whenever he gets the opportunity to do so.

C. T. Takahashi, the vice-president of the Japanese Association in Seattle, has been handled rather roughly by the yellow journals here, and presumably in other cities of the Union. But he doesn't mind that very much for himself, for he is a stout man. You can't very well tease him until he cries.

Aside from the pleasantries with which the yellow journals of Seattle make fun of Takahashi to their hearts' content, there are a very few indications of unfriendly attitude of the Seattleans toward the Japanese. Nay, rather all Seattle seems to receive our fellow countrymen with open heart.

Of course, occasionally you meet a conductor of a street car who says to you, "Hallo, Charley." It isn't very pleasant for me who was not used to such appellation in the East to hear my countrymen addressed in that style. But that is after all one of the minor rough spots the Seattleans need to smooth over, and I believe they will do so in no time.

Why, the Japanese Consul, Mr. Hisamidzu, told yesterday that there are in all Seattle and the neighborhood about twenty business establishments conducted by the Japanese in the name of some native Americans. They are, he said, the indications of the cooperative spirit existing between the Japanese and the Americans. Mr Hisamidzu and other prominent Japanese in Seattle are always trying to bring the Japanese closer to the Americans in many ways.

So Seattle so far as I have seen is indeed a very peaceful city. San Francisco would well to learn a lesson from Seattle.

But we must not lose sight of the fact that there are labor unions here as in San Francisco. But they are not so powerful as the San Francisco labor unions are. Intelligent class of citizens control the affairs of the Seattle government, against whom the labor unions are practically powerless. And since they are powerless, the Japanese-Corean exclusion league, a counterpart of its namesake in San Francisco, which must of necessity rely upon the labor unions for its support, is continually told to go 'way back and sit down.

Just think of what the head of the league is trying to do! Why, a local paper here says this morning that the head of the league went to the office of the immigration commissioners in Seattle and tried to put in his nose where the Japanese immigrants are landing in order to pick up as many evidences as possible to find fault with the immigrants. But he was told by one of the inspectors of immigrants to step out of the place, if he pleased. The man had to do so whether he pleased or not.

There is a good deal that can be said about the improvements the city of Seattle is making, but suffice it to say for the present that the city government decided to lower the hills with which Seattle abounds and to fill up a portion of the harbor that the city can be flattened and at the same time widened. When this work is accomplished—and Seattle expects to do so in two years—Seattle will be a great city; perhaps it may become greater than San Francisco if that city doesn't brace up very soon.

JIHEI HASHIGUCHI.

Sold Holes in Baseball Fence.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

Charged with selling permission to outsiders to come into her yard and look through the holes in her fence at the baseball game at Piedmont Park without a license, Mrs. M. Hatchett appeared in the police court yesterday afternoon, and after a hearing she was allowed her freedom by the Recorder.

Detective Lockhart made the case at the instance of the police officer at the park. It was stated that Mrs. Hatchett charged 5 cents a head to look through the cracks and holes in her fence, which is part of the fence enclosing the baseball ground, and see the games. One little boy was in court as a witness, and testified to having paid Mrs. Hatchett's little girl a nickel to see the game, but not being well pleased with the location had his money refunded and left.

Mrs. Hatchett denied that she charged any money for looking through the holes. There was no evidence produced during the trial that Mrs. Hatchett was engaged in such a business, and Judge Broyles dismissed the case on condition that the lady did not accept any pay from those people whom she allowed to go into her yard and see the games.